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THREADS

FROM THE

Woof of Melody,

—X—

DR. JAMES HENDERSON

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THREADS FROM THE
WOOF OF MELODY.

A VOLUME OF ORIGINAL POEMS.

—BY—


✓
DR. JAMES HENDERSON,

BAD AXE, MICH.

47566 N

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To My Mother

This little volume of poems, the writing of which was first inspired by her, is respectfully dedicated.

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CREATION.

Chaos reigned, and the deep and dark immensity of space
was infinite,

Not a sound reverberated throughout the void,
As a sea-wave dashing 'gainst some rockbound shore;
Not a gleam of light, as a distant beacon kept
To warn some weary pilot of a hidden breaker,
Glinted athwart the sea of space.

Silence seemed to hold the secret of all that eternity treasured,
And deep in her bosom lulled the dream to sleep,
Unmeasured by years or cycles, ran the dawning plan
Of life, as yet inanimate, unformed, unborn;
When, lo! a clanging voice from out the mighty void
Spake as with all-ruling power—"Let there be light."

And the gentle dawn of natal day spread over the void,
And the vapors and mists of unmeasured night
Slowly began to dissolve themselves and to take form,
And the waters rolled around the yet undeveloped world,
The firmament above brighter grew, and more serene,

And lo! on the third day, at the Maker's command,
The floods rolled themselves into mighty seas
And the land appeared, and in rich luxuriance
Grasses and foliage bedecked the earth,
And aroma of flowers filled the air as with a heavenly balm.
Rich and varied fruit grew and ripened
In greatest abundance, and untouched remained,
For no creature as yet roamed among the bowers of Eden.

And on the morning of the fourth day, at the Divine behest,
A glorious orb arose resplendent over the Eastern hills
And filled the earth with a glad and rosy light,
And the shadows betook themselves to glens remote and
caverns wide;

The trees in the forest primeval, spake unto each other,
And rejoiced and welcomed the beacon of day;
And the tiny flowers upturned their petals
As if to do homage to his form ascending.

The blades of grass with each other vied—
And the mosses and ferns as well, with unstinted praise;
The dew drops glittered and hung in the richest splendor
On the tiniest shoot or sprig, each, a very gem.
The zephyrs played across the land, gentle and timid,
Loath, it seemed, to disturb the solemn hush
Or tread the sanctuary of a new formed world.

In their path, the leaves rustled on the trees,
And the forest pines a glad symphony began;
The grasses waved and nodded, as if in reverence,
And the dews evaporated beneath the sun's warm glow.

The floating vapors, misty and low, betook themselves thence
And to the zenith ascending calmly sped the orb of day.
Slowly and majestically he betook himself
On his journey across the heavens, on this primal day;
And his setting seemed an echo of his first glad rising.

As slowly the ruddy sunset resolved itself into twilight,
Faintly, another light was seen to brighten,
And the fleecy clouds were touched as with silver;
And a pearly glow—soft, and it seemed angelic, and then the
moon
Arose above the placid lake, and mirrored itself in the water
beneath.

The evening of the fourth day had come.
And nature calmly awaited the events of the morrow.

The sparkling dews it seemed, had flown upward to the sky;
For ever and anon as the darkness grew, a tiny orb
Sent its ray across the dark expanse above,
And untold thousands joined the midnight galaxy.
The pleiades, vera and the Polar star,
Andromeda and the constellations strange,
Seemed as nymphs of the night in sportive mood,
To watch and hold high revel above the sleeping earth.

The night wore on, no voice was yet
To call a drowys watchman on the city street,
No rattling of wheels over clanging flag-stones,
No hurrying thither of busy feet,
And the morning of the fifth day was beauteous and balmy.

The great orb rose and went his course
Upward and onward, to grace and nourish
The teeming earth with his warmest glow;
To give fresh vigor to the struggling flowrets
And gird the oak with an added power.

The Creator again his voice sent fourth over the waters to
every sea;

To the rivulet, the mighty river, the mountain lake;
And on the wings of the wind that blew across the firmament.

And at his command appeared great whales
And fishes, and creatures of unnumbered kinds;
And the heavens were filled argosies of fleet winged birds,
Twittering, and giving to earth a voice
Gentle swans, with easy grace, rested their bosoms on lake
and stream,

And the forest birds sang a song together,
And peace and joy walked this new found scene.
Giant beasts of the forests, monsters of sea and air,
Stalked and sped, on this primal day, as now.

The evanescent vapors had hid themselves to sky above,
And heavy clouds marked portentous storm.
Suddenly a gentle rain sought its way to earth,
And everything was nurtured by the copious draught.
The clouds rolled by and the lightning's flash
And thunder's voice in the distance died,
And again the sun shed his cherry rays;
And on the sixth day were made the giant creatures—
Cattle, swine and every living, creeping thing;
The noble lion, the tiger of the jungle, the kangaroo,
The mighty elephant and beasts of burden,
The serpent that crawls in the dust beneath;
And the forests and fields were filled with creatures,
Freshly wrought from God's right hand,
And told to go and multiply and fill earth, each with their
kind.

And pausing, He communed with Himself, saying,
"Let Me make man, and like Myself, even in My own image,
yea,
And he shall I make a lord over all the beasts of earth."

And so saying, He formed him out of Earth's own dust,
And breathed therein the breath of life—a soul;
And man walked fourth a ruler and conversed with his
Creator.

And looked joyfully upon the beauty of his dominion,
And the first man He called Adam—the first of our race,
And he walked with Him in Eden's blissful bowers;
And manifold were the things he learned, whereof I have
told.

And there came an hour when God took compassion on Adam,
For his loneliness seemed grievous in His sight,
And the pale moon looked down as if to rebuke His handi-
work.

So, casting Adam into a deep sleep a new miracle was wrought,
For the Lord resolved that the man, Adam, should be
comforted,

And have a sweet companion to enjoy the beauty of Earth,
new formed;

To ramble the groves where all was peace and innocence,
To commune with him by day, to share his dreams by night.

And He caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam
While twilight was fading and night was creeping over the
earth;

And in the holy hush of Even, a miracle was wrought,
For the Lord took a rib from Adam's side and formed a being,
A woman—beautiful of form, and fair of feature.

And as the rosy orb of day crimsoned the mountain tops,
And the beauteous bowers that encompassed Eden round
about

Had given evidences of joy through the notes of the song-
birds,

Adam awoke; and before him stood the Lord, and a beautiful
creature,

To whom was given the name of Eve.

Nude, and of ravishing beauty, she stood before him,
Her waving locks swaying in the morning breezes
And falling in gentle tresses across her bosom
Reflected the glory of the morning sunrise,

The Lord admonished them, and told Adam many things,
How he had in His mercy provided Eve as a helpmate
And a companion to love and to cherish,
And that they should be one in flesh from thenceforth.

So the twain lingered and dwelt in each other's love,
While they marvelled joyfully over the entrancing grandeur of
nature.

The birds twittering in the woodland seemed strange and
sweet,

The music of the brook as it rippled along, held the ear
captive,

And they would linger for hours imbibing its tuneful melody;
The mosses on the banks formed an inviting couch.

And the delicate aroma of flowers lulled the senses into the
calmest reverie.

Even the rustling leaves held a charm as they whispered
back an answer

To the music of the pines, and the mystic soliloquy
Told the story of woodland voices communing together,

Oft would they stroke the lion, majestic and powerful,
Whom Adam christened the king of all the beasts,
And the mighty elephant who made the earth tremble 'neath
his footsteps,

Laid himself at their feet to be foundled and petted.

Thy sought out the cavernous recesses where they fancied
Echo dwelt.

And childlike wondered why they found him not.

They marvelled at the passing clouds and the whistling of the
winds about them;

The falling of the mountain rill as it broke in spray before
them

Excited their wonder, and they stood amazed thereat.

For food they gathered the manna and wild honey,
And garnished their repast betimes with cresses from the
brookside.

Again, they chose the fairest of all the delicious fruits of
Eden,

Growing and ripening about them in the richest abundance.

Of the fruit of one tree growing in the Garden, the Lord for-
bade them to use.

Whereby to try their obedience to His Divine command.

But the serpent, crafty and jealous, wrought with Eve, know-
ing her weakness,

And she became envious to partake of that the Lord had for-
bidden;

And at last ate and offered to Adam who shared her disobe-
dience.

And behold! a change was at once manifest and they felt their
guilt keenly,
And covering their nakedness they shrank from before the
Lord;
And all the glories of Eden seemed turned to bitterness and
sorrow,

And the Lord sought them out and chided them for their
weakness,
And they stood abashed before Him, clothed in fig leaves;
For they strove to hide their nakedness, seeing their guilt
was manifest;

And for the first time they beheld the wrath of the Lord
As with an angry voice He spake, saying, as they stood trem-
bling—

“For thy disobedience, Adam, thou and thy generation
Shall toil all the days I have given unto thee and them,
And by the sweat of the brow shall bread be earned;
And thorns and thistles shall spring up in thy pathway,
And many trials shall assail thee grievously and sore.”
And to Eve He spake saying, “O woman, fickle and frail.
Thy lot shall be filled with travail, trials and sorrows,
And the whole Earth shall mourn over thy disobedience,
And thy seed shall be born in iniquity and in pain,
But in good time will I send a Redeemer—a saviour,
And thy seed shall then crush the Serpent’s head.”

So at His command appeared an angel clothed in light,
And with a flaming sword in his hand
He drove the twain before him and out of Eden;
And the gates were from thenceforth shut against them,
And by the same voice were they forbidden to return.

So the man and the woman had lost to themselves and to us
Eden
And were outcasts in a strange and adverse world.

Their one short sojourn in that lovely and peaceful garden
Was to ever leave its imprint upon their troubled minds,
And remorsefully rankle in their bosoms, a constant reminder

How oft in their dreams they saw the sweets of Paradise
Again restored, and only awoke to find them a vexatious fan-
tasy,
Solemn and sad they went forth, he to toil, she to suffer.

Such is the simple narrative of the misty past,
 Handed down by changing generations and musty records,
 Covered with the dust of long forgotten ages,
 Such the tale of our lost heritage so ruthlessly cast aside,

Surrounded by the trials and tribulations of earth
 We look back on wronged children and bewail our parent's
 sin.

Lovingly we linger on the entrancing tale of earth's infancy,
 And fain would peer back and beyond where all at first was
 chaos.

N A T U R E .

Nature, in her loveliest garb supreme!
 Adoringly the artist grasps his pencil, as yon stream
 Shimmering in the distance, by the sun-ray kissed,
 Seems as a spectre thro' the noonday mist.
 And lo! behold o'er the leafy copse
 The distant mount where the valley opes,
 Meandering along like a silken thread.
 We can trace the brook to its fountain head,
 Where, perchance the chirp of the chickadee,
 Tells nature is weird, and wild and free.
 The loveliest hues, they tell us, lurk
 In the forest glades where the shades are murk.
 Where the green moss grows like a velvet sward
 And the cares of life from the scene are barred.
 Should you stroll far out over field and fell
 To seek the quiet of such woodland dell,
 You will journey on with wondering eye
 As the drones of care take wings and fly—
 They cannot dwell on the hallowed ground,
 So leave you free with your bliss, new found.
 Oh, nature, perchance there's a fairer spell
 In "The Better Land" of which poets tell,
 But your summer garb and your mid-day sheen,
 Doth from mystic lands all my fervor wean.
 Content to dwell in your quiet repose
 At heat of noon or at twilight's close.
 If Heaven is sweeter, 'tis but fancy's freak—

Strangers to content always fair fields seek;
Blind to the joys that 'round them dwell,
They chase the rainbow o'er field and fell,
Yet find they never the prize they sought—
Pleasure is only with contentment bought.
Let them open the volume that 'fore them lies
With its bloom of roses and sunny skies;
Turn not each leaf with a careless hand,
Unmindful of all her treasures grand,
But muse and dwell on each lesson bright,
Clothed in sunny sheen or fair Luna's light.
See the artist's eye now the landscape scan—
Nature breeds delight in the heart of man—
Fain he'd rival with pencil or brush, each hue
Of the woodland garb or the mountain's blue,
The vaulted sky, with each white-flecked cloud,
Or the pastures wide, now with life endowed;
For see at the foothills, the lambs at play,
How their pranks add joy to a summer day;
The bleating ewes o'er the commons stroll,
While the young lambs skip o'er each grassy knoll;
See the old wood bridge that spans the stream
As it winds the steep clay banks between;
And the old pine stump on the brink still stands,
A sign post used by irreverent hands—
The village merchants have come and gone
Still the stump in its rustic pride lives on.
The hill hard by with its silent host,
Of time, speaks saddest: and speaks the most—
The old church spire looms o'er the hill,
Like a finger raised to bid us "still."
Around the curve in the dusty road
Drives the farmer now with his market load;
And the country children climb on the stile
To see him pass, each with bashful smile,
The barking dog makes a great ado,
Each passing team gives him work to do;
Old Tige's fierce bark, and snarl, and bound,
Is known to all for miles around.
O'er the country road towers the huge old oak,
Riven long since by lightning's stroke;
While beside the path doth the top branch lie,
A seat for the weary passer by.
The waving wheat fields are fair to view,

Some tinged e'en now with a golden hue,
 And the tall grass waves us a last farewell,
 Ere it has 'fore the blade of the mower fell,
 How cool the wood to you raker seems,
 Who seeks a shade from the sun's fierce beams;
 With the tilted jug to his dry, parched lips,
 How the cooling draught he fondly sips,
 Oh Nature, methinks as I quietly gaze,
 Of the sunny hours of my childhood days;
 And I feel again a child. In truth
 This grim old age is but ripened youth;
 For who there is but must feel a thrill
 Of the joys of youth if he only will.
 Our hearts grow harp in the maze of life;
 We leave the pleasure and court the strife;
 Wondering then why the world is hard;
 Forgetting each act brings its own reward.
 Fair landscape, in dreams I'll think of thee!
 Oh, Nature! Thy lessons are grand and free!

THE RAVEN'S REPLY.

Call me not "a thing of evil," "prophet still if bird or devil,"
 Hush your heart's tumultuous beating—hush it, hush it I
 implore!

Why the dread of shadows falling, can the past bear no re-
 calling?

Do you fancy someone's calling up the memories of yore—
 Fancy that I bear a message from that angel form—Lenore?

Ah, my dreamer—nevermore.

Let me set beneath your shelter; dream again that you had
 felt her

Wild heart beating 'gainst your bosom as of yore—

I have been distressed, belated, and the darkness with me
 mated,

Till I tapped and tapped, and waited entrance at your cham-
 ber door.

I am not "a thing of evil from the night's Plutonian shore,"
 Only bird, and nothing more.

Why distressed and sad and weary, sitting in your chamber
dreary?

Would you not a lone companion, tho' he perch above your
door?

Would you sooner sit reclining, only thoughts of ill divining,
Of the saddened past repining, calling out the word Lenore—
Sit and quaff, as only drunkard can, from out the glass before,
Conjuring up the word—Lenore?

I have not a sentence uttered, nor my feathers even fluttered,
Only listened as you sputtered and I sat above your door,
I can read your heart's wild dreaming, find a method in your
seeming,

As the lamp behind you beaming casts a shadow on the floor—
Casts a shadow that yon fancy is a message from yon shore,
From the sweet and angel maiden named Lenore.

Ah! such wordy, wild afflatus! as I stood without the lattice,
No night belated raven had ever heard before,
And despite the lamplight burning, I had felt like then re-
turning—

All your cosy shelter spurning—back to darkened night once
more,

Back again into the blackness that had spread the landscape
o'er;

Back where strays the sweet Lenore,

In you slowly dying embers all your soul's wild hope dismem-
bers,

And you live a very echo—echo but of yore.

With your soul's impetuous yearning, with a very sprite's
discerning,

How you read life's pages, turning only disappointment sore,
All the bitterness of sorrow and of blighted hopes before;

While conscience sadly whispers—nevermore.

Cease your bitter fate bemoaning; folly needs no such atoning;
Let the past with all its travails never cloud the way before,
There is still some earthly maiden, who, with heart, with love
o'erladen—

Never courts the distant Aidenn where love's conquests all
are o'er—

Who might envy all the praises, all the fervent love you
bore—

She, might love, as loved Lenore.

I, a simple, feathered raven, am no base or luckless craven
Tho' I perch on bust of Pallas; perch in silence 'bove your
door.

If upon this midnight dreary I have sought your fireside
cheery,

Know that I too must be weary of some luckless load I bore—
Of some ill-starred, bold adventure on the night's Plutonian
shore;

Be we friends for evermore.

I have seen a maiden sighing for love like thine, undying—
Maiden fair and radiant, as the one you call Lenore.

Eyes like dewdrops, pure at morning; teeth like pearls a
crown adorning;

Soul each base idea scorning; still, with passion bubbling
o'er.

Yes; a pure and sainted maiden, virtuous to the very core.

Seek such maiden, evermore.

When you find such charming creature, fair of form and fair
of feature:

Dwell within your soul's wild rapture, curb your passion I
implore;

For love's dream hath many wakings, many griefs and friend-
ship makings;

Many conquests and forsakings, light and shadows walk be-
fore.

Lo! it is not all of brightness in that love-land still in store;
Shadows flit the landscape o'er.

Your poetic soul inspiring, Love's young dream to fond as-
piring,

'Till a maiden's bosom throbbing 'gainst your own as oft be-
fore.

Will but fan each latent ember that lies dying this December,
And you'll scarcely then remember half the bitterness of yore
In the new found love you'll revel, barely dreaming of Lenore,
You will sorrow nevermore.

Such the wish of midnight raven—'Tis no wicked wish, nor
craven—

And I leave you now to ponder on the prospects just before:
I will wing my way tomorrow, some lone maiden's thoughts
to borrow;

And when darkness like a sorrow shall not spread the landscape o'er,

I will search the wide world over for another such Lenore,

This, my tale and nothing more,

IN THE AUTUMN.

In the Autumn—in the Autumn

When the leaves have lost their green,

And the golden tints are mirrored

In the mellow woodland stream,

When the song-birds sing no longer

Carols of a Summer day.

And old nature seemeth sighing

For the pleasant hours of May;

In the Autumn—in the Autumn—

Ah, how fleeting are its joys—

Brown and gold and crimson tinting,

Pictures sweet that Time destroys;

Nature decked in richest wardrobe,

Lovely maiden doomed to die,

Fold your hands across your bosom,

Do not ask us why we sigh.

In the Autumn—in the Autumn,

In the bleak November days,

When the snow flakes cover over

All the gold of Autumn days,

When we miss the merry song-birds

Piping in the wood below,

And old Nature quietly sleepeth

'Neath the freshly fallen snow!

Farewell Autumn—golden Autumn,

Ripened season of the year,

In the slumbers of long Winter

We will dream you linger near!

We will ramble in the meadow,

We will pluck the fruit again,

We will listen to the reapers

Sing among the golden grain.

A SONG OF THE HEART.



Near to the heart let the muses be clinging,
Drop an odd tear in the song you are singing;
Lighten with humor a line of your lay,
To soften our sorrow, to brighten our way.

Touch the chords tenderly, binding the heart,
Make them to tremble and trill with your art,
Breathe in sweet cadence a melody low,
Smooth a soft way for the feelings to flow.

Sweep all her chords with the wand of your power,
Harmoniously blending the sweet and the sour,
Calling forth passion, or weeping for joy,
Weaving them all in a mystic alloy.

Search out the feelings that deep in the breast
Seek a sweet sleep, or that go unredressed;
Tune all the heartstrings to melody's song,
And sound their glad carols or whisper their wrong.

Touch the cords softly on Memory's lute,
Hearts that were anguished may yield sweetest fruit;
Light up the depths where cruel shadows were cast,
With an echoing note from a song of the past.

Down where the slumbering shadows of pain,
Deep on the heartstrings have heavily lain,
Tremulous strains of your music may go,
To lighten the spell of our sorrow and woe.

BY THE RAPPAHANOCK.

Down by the Rappahanock,
Where the wavelets kiss the shore,
A soldier boy was dying,
In the strife of sixty-four.
With his great coat wrapped about him,
Faint and bleeding there he lay,
A knapsack for a pillow;
Soon his life must ebb away.

When before him stood a figure,
Clothed in sult as was his own,
And with a warning gesture,
Spoke she in an undertone:
"Hist! the pickets over yonder!
Speak your wish, and speak it low.
I have fled the gates of Richmond,
And I would they should not know."

Lisped the dying boy, in whispers,
As she knelt to catch his voice:
"And have Richmond's walls been taken?
How my comrades will rejoice!"
"I have but an hour to linger,
In the shades of battle, here;"
"Plant a kiss upon my forehead,
Mother would if she were near.

"Seek her out or send a message
Where the tasseled corn rows nod,
Tell her how I faced my duty
On the beauteous Southern sod.
My lips are parched. The river
Runs beside me though so far—
Oh, how helpless are the fallen
In the bloody wake of war!"

There she knelt! a teardrop trickled
Down her cheek and softly fell,
Like a dewdrop fresh from Heaven,
Down to cool the blasts of hell.

And she leaned in loving rapture,
Planting kisses warm and fast;
On the white lips of the stranger.
As the river rippled past.

And she brought him draughts of water
Now, to cool his fevered brain,
And they listened to the rumble
And the boom of of war's refrain.
And she spake, "I chanced to see you,
And I could not pass you by,
I have still the heart of woman,
Though I be a rebel spy.

"Yes I know that I can trust you."
"And I know that I can aid;
I will bear you message Northward
To your home be not afraid,
And before the morning sunlight
I'll be safe beyond the lines.
Seeking out your loving mother,
'Way among the Northern pines."

So she stanch'd his wounds and left him,
Left him lonely there to die;
And when comrades came to seek him,
Long had flown the rebel spy
So the cannons boomed 'round Richmond,
And the awful fight went on,
Brother still 'gainst friend and brother—
God! the struggle seemed so long!

* * * * *

Sunny day up in the Northland
As a mother pensive stood.
Casting down the path odd glances
To the crossroads by the wood.
When, behold, a woman's figure
Crossed the way and forward came;
Quite familiar seemed her carriage
Yet a stranger it was plain,

Soon she stood before the matron,
 Bowing low and asked her name;
Then began her doleful story,
 Striving gently to explain.
"Something told me that my Willie
 Had been wounded—wounded sore—
And I could not sleep for thinking,
 And I watched without the door,

"Ah, the sabre of the foeman
 Could not pierce my heart more deep
Than the news that darling Willie
 In a shroudless grave must sleep,
And you left him ere his spirit
 Winged its flight to realms above?"

"Yes, and kissed him for his mother
 And with all a mother's love,

"And I fled the lines of battle,
 That I bear his message here;
For that day's sun set on many—
 Aye, on many a soldier's bier.
If they ask for news of Willie
 Tell them how it came and why,
For I loved that darling bluecoat,
 I, a reckless rebel spy."

So that mother, and the maiden
 Fresh and lovely from the South,
Sipped the cup of peace together
 Far from blazing cannon's mouth;
And the rebel maid was petted,
 And the rebel's hand was pressed,
And they shed their tears together
 O'er the one that was at rest.

THE SONGS UNSUNG.

There are sweet, wild notes, that human ear, hath never
 their cadence heard;
There are the songsters glad where wayward feet have never
 their grasses stirred,

And they dwell alone in their wildwood home, 'mid a grand-
eur, wierd and wild;

Where the rosy sun, since creation's day, so oft on their
haunts hath smiled.

There are songs unsung! In the human heart is a void too
deep to know,

And love and hate, and grief and joy, alternate come and go.

There are songs unsung that will never be sung, for the lips
that would sing are dumb;

There are words unspoken and vows unshaken—ah yes! since
the world was young.

They have carried their secrets beyond the tomb, be they
treasures bitter or sweet,

And the tale they would tell to some anxious heart, their
plaint can no tongue repeat.

There are songs unsung, and our choicest lays, breathe never
a strain so soft;

And whose meaning we never can fathom quite, though they
flit o'er our memory oft.

The lover hath sung love's impassioned lay and a heart with
his own kept time;

But a song still unsung in his bosom lies, and he cannot re-
peat a line.

The maiden hath sung, when her lover's song hath thrilled
all her being through;

But a something unsung—and forever unsung—dwells deep
in that heart so true.

A mother hath sung to her infant babe, while watching its
slumbers sweet—

Oh, who that can fathom a mother's love; oh, who can her
song repeat?—

Her lullaby song so strangely sad—oh, it is the sweetest they
bring;

But still, and for all, in that mother's heart, is a song that
she cannot sing.

The father hath sung at his honest toil, when the work of the
day went well;

He sung for the loved ones to feed at home, and his song had
so grand a swell;

He sung when the evening shadows spread in peace 'round
his cabin door,

And the little ones welcomed him home again, when the long
day's work was o'er.

He dandles his babies on his knee, the love of his heart is
told

In the words of the song he again has sung, but a song he
must still withhold.

Ah, here again is that sung unsung, he would sing it now but
his voice is dumb;

That unsung song he tain would sing; 'tis a song of thought,
no words can bring,

The poet hath sung, and in many tongues, his thoughts have
an accent found;

He has delved to the farthest realms of mind where mystery
and muse abound,

And he searches still in that mystic realm for gems of thought
to weave.

In the dreary woof of some humble song; but the choicest he
still must leave.

So we must hope for a better song, for the muses yet are
young,

But the sweetest song will ever be, the song that is left un-
sung.

THE FLAG.

Oh! let the Starry Banner wave
Above the nation's young;
To teach them how our gallant sires
The price of freedom won;
Aye, teach them how on Bunker's Hill,
The dawn of freedom broke,
'Mid yell and shout of swarming foes,
Thro' blood and fire and smoke.

And tell them how they struggled still
To keep it's folds above,
'Till winsome sprite of liberty,
Had won a nation's love;
Oh, tell how soon the "Starry Flag,"
On land and on the sea,
Proclaimed Columbia's sacred right,
To be forever free,

Oh, bid them gaze beneath the flag,
Back in the days of old
And see the heroes then that stood—
The earth had none more bold;
The memory of our first fond dead,
Will serve to still inspire,
The Patriot's heart to deeds more grand,
And plant that flag still higher.

Then let it wave, O, let it wave
Above the gilded dome,
Above the mart, above the school,
That liberty be known,
And 'fore the breeze on every sea.
In foreign climes and far,
T'will be the passport of the free,
The gallant Yankee far.

So raise it children, with a shout,
As did your sires of yore,
And pray that peace may ever reign,
On fair Columbia's shore,
And guard it with those tender hands,
For all, for each alone—
The glory of our commonwealth,
The pride of every home.

THE SOLDIER.

Oh, they laid him sad and silent,
Where the tall palmettoes wave
And the birds oft' sing a requiem
O'er the soldier's lonely grave;
Where the south winds wafted over
Saddened sounds of war's refrain,
In his coat of blue to slumber,
And he did not fall in vain,

But the zephyrs bear no longer
Echoes of the mighty fray;
And a nations' people sighing,
Stoops above the blue and gray,
For they both are sacred to us,
Each was true to what he thought;
Let us love them for their valor
And forget they e'er had fought,

Softly from the balmy southland,
Is the echo borne to me,
And I hear a mother weeping,
'Neath the shady forest free.
She has journeyed from the northland
'Till beneath the southern pine.
She beholds the rude inscription—
"Fell in battle's foremost line,"

I can see her proud breast heaving,
As that mother reads the tale.
And methinks I hear her whisper;
"Oh, my son you did not quail!
You had bared your breast to meet them,
As your father did of yore;
When 'fore Mexico's bloody foemen,
He had fallen to rise no more,"

And I see the southern woman,
Beauty-famed by friend and foe,
Seek among the the shaggy cypress,
For a loved one stricken low;
For a mound that marks the slumbers
Of a lad who wore the gray;
Long ago he called for "mother,"
As his life blood ebbed away.

O, perchance a heart is beating,
That may never feel the pang,
That the cruel war re echoes
As we hear the death bell clang.
But our hearts are ever heavy;
For the graves in southland far,
Where the blue and gray are sleeping,
'Mind us of the blight of war.

FOR IRELAND.

I'm an Irishman from Kerry,
An' I kem across the say
To see if all is true they tell
About Amerikay.
I was sore distressed at home,
And I hadn't much at hand
To feed my wife and little ones,
A blight was in the land.

The praties dried and rotted,
An' the sky seemed dark by day,
For we knew that want and poverty
Could not stay long away.
Oh, God, bless my native country,
I love her even so;
Although we starve and perish,
'Tis not her fault, I know.

An' sure I've kem across the say
A beggar's mite to crave,
To keep my wife and little ones
From famine an' the grave;
For praties do not seem to thrive
In Ireland as of yore,
And the wolf is howling loud without
Each lonely peasant's door.

My wife she bade me Godspeed
The day I left her side,
An' prayed to Him to guide me
Across the ocean wide.
The children gathered 'round me,
Each quivering lip was pressed,
And a father, heavy hearted,
Set his face toward the west,

They say in fair Columbia,
There's hearts that feel for those
Too young to ask for charity,
Too sad to breathe their woes;
And an open purse stands ready
And an arm is reached to save,
From a dastard hand our Island Green,
Where Atlantic's billows lave.

God bless my native country,
'Tis her I dearly love;
Although gannt famine lingers nigh,
A good God rules above,
And a millon Irish firesides
Bow low in silent prayer,
For His blessing and and protection
To those who hunger there.

I dream each night of Kerry
And the dear ones that I left;
Of their kindly words and glances,
In a strange land I'm bereft.
But I'll sail again tomorrow,
And as I bid good bye,
I'll pray that God will never send
A cloud o'er Freedom's sky.

Then Heaven bless your giving,
Be it great or be it small,
The heart that beats for Ireland,
Beats for one and beats for all.
And it tells the proud oppressor
That the trampled yet shall rise,
Backed by Freedom's sons and daughters,
All his vengeance to despise.

BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain,
Gently it patters on cornice and pane,
Bearing a boon to the suffering earth,
Moist'ning the sod where the flow'rets have birth,

Laughing,

Rejoicing,

Hurrying on,

Spoiling the sport of the holiday throng,
Seeking a couch on some fair maid's lip,
Fresh as the dews that the birdlings sip;
Oh, beautiful rain there's a ballad gay
In your patter and dash as you fall to day.

Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain,
Filling the meadow with verdure again,
Bringing and laying where Winter was king,
Garlands of flowers on the altar of Spring,

Dashing,

Splashing,

Mellow and warm,

Flushing the earth with your subtlest charm,
Weaving a spell in the woodland and keep,
Waking the ferns from their wintry sleep,
Bright eyes are peeping from doorway and pane
To welcome thy falling, oh, beautiful rain.

Out o'er the dust laden streets of the town,
Out where the crops are so stunted and brown,
At last hath the rain-god his chariot wheeled,
And out from the west hath his clarion pealed

Lightning!

Thundering!

Dropping at last!

On comes the summer shower, furious and fast;
On, like a troop, when the day was in doubt,
The foemen to scatter and put to the rout—
Once more a boon to the forest and plain,
We welcome and bless thee, oh, beautiful rain.

Oh the rain, the beautiful rain,
 Cooling the breath of the midsummer plain,
 Over the mountain it hurries its way,
 Over the mead where the lambs are at play,
 Rambling,
 Gamboling,
 Swaying along
 Like fair maiden singing a rollicking song.
 Bending the spears of the wheat as you go,
 Swelling the brook to melodious flow.
 Ah, sweet is the sound of your Summer-day strain!
 We joy at your coming, oh, beautiful rain!

Oh, the rain, still beautiful rain—
 Autumn is with us, its gold and its grain—
 Come ye and deepen the blush on the pear,
 Come, that each wight hath of harvest his share,
 Pattering,
 Spattering,
 Humming aloud,
 A friend to us still with your rainbow and cloud.
 Over the leaves that are serried and sere,
 Over their fall you are dashing a tear,
 Out where the crimson leaves cumber the plain—
 You murmur in dirges, oh beautiful rain!

Out where November's chill blast must prevail,
 Out where the withered reed moans in the gale,
 We gaze as we list to the noise on the pane,
 And we sigh for the captive, oh, beautiful rain.
 Pattering,
 Clattering,
 Falling in hail,
 Hath Boreas chained thee? or wherefore thy wail?
 Content we must be, for Summer has fled
 And the brown tints of Autumn have followed the red.
 Yet we linger in fancy and list the refrain,
 Of your Summer day carol, O, beautiful rain.

A CRITICISM
ON TENNYSON'S "LOCKSLEY HALL,"
SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

After sixty years of striving, still the spirit finds no rest,
And the laureate-crowned of poets vainly tries to do his best;
Frail yet fiery in his dotage, fain would he the summit crown,
Of the paltry pile of passion that he wove into renown.

Tennyson, the lord of eighty, (title now I can't recall),
Why disturb the fame immortal of your treasured Locksley
Hall?
Why step down from out the peerage, thinking that your
title gives
Power and polish to the God gift, lustre, while your musing
lives?
Why above the Lord of Nations laud you now old England's
name?
Have you, 'neath the ermine mantle, bartered honor's meed
for shame?
Have you learned to scorn your fellows, "fellows of a low de-
gree,"
And at the "jingling of the guineas" bend to royalty a knee?

Take my arm, an hour we wander ere the shades of even fall,
And a mantle-mist of gloaming hides the sight of Locksley
Hall.
To the right, across the moorland—where the curlews oft
you heard!
We will stroll then to where Amy, first your boyish passion
stirred,
I am young, lean well upon me. Why thus start so at that
name?
Has some vivid recollection through the long years marred
your fame?
We are now nigh to the seashore, where the pebbles strew the
beach
And the white waves lashed to fury, oft their limits overreach;
And the waters in the distance shimmer to the burning sun—
Ah, 'twas here your richest rhyming, ere those laurels you
had won.

For the passion, bred of longing for the pleasure passion gives,
Deigns to love its first surroundings—lives as long as woman
lives.

So you loved your cousin Amy? Thus you sung long years
ago;

And I say your love—your passion—gave to rhyme its sweet-
est flow.

For your heart was all on Amy, and 'twas her inspired your
lay,

Though one love and be rejected, passion still lives on for aye.
For the love that's born of woman is a part of poet's own,
Thus the longing and the passion, surely nature should con-
done.

Yes, the minstrel's finer feelings, in the muses born of Eve,
Must find solace for their longings, so, you would to Amy
cleave.

Ah! the minstrel's finer fancies string loves fickle, burning lyre,
And a woman's heart is conquered with the glow of love's
desire.

Love and passion are not strangers, go they ever hand in hand,
One is by the other softened, one is by the other fanned.

But you speak now of your grandson. Counterpart of sire
the son!

Counterpart I say, twice over, since those sixty summers run.
Yes; the same old tale of passion, same the tale of love's
deceit.

Happy he who wins the trophy ere the flow'ret lose its sweet.
Yet the vanquished, crushed and bleeding by cruel Cupid's
dart, lives on,

Lives to dream in manhood moments of youth's follies past
and gone.

Aye, in all his long day dreaming, lives the fickle past again;
Down by cherished memory's well spring, seeks the links of
love's lost chain

Leave the past to joy or sorrow, speed the plow, look never
back

When it but reflects a shadow, on life's yet unwended track;
Strive to brighten all her moments, for uncertain ones are
they;

Never grieve for "years of Europe," or for "cycles of Cathay."
Lo! a brighter, happier harbor, in the distance shines for all,
For the poor in "squalid warren," for the lord in Locksley
Hall.

Are you weary? Let us tarry; here is wreckage cast ashore.
Ah! What tells those splintered mastheads? Lessons every-
where in store.

Yes, the God of calm and tempest, God of love and God of
wrath,

Strives to leave an easy lesson in man's ever weary path,
Man is weak; aye man is mortal; man is strange as you and
me,

And he needs a hand to guide him over life's uncertain sea.
Splintered mastheads here before us serve to picture what I
say,

By the billows driven landward, thus to roll and rot away,
Sturdy shout of Britain's sailors oft those stately spars did
hear,

As they bore her flag so proudly—"flag that braved a thous-
and year."

Long my lord we've tarried—hasten. Let us onward stroll
again.

While the curlews greet our coming o'er the sandy, seagirt
plain,

Yonder lies the copse before us, o'er it looms old Locksley's
form—

Monument of memories olden, worn more grand by sun and
storm.

Same it is, I ween, as ever, in the days of which you sung,
When the world was like your spirit, when the world was fair
and young.

Fleeting joys? Ah, all is fleeting; all but sorrow—earth-born
spawn;

Transient joys and transient follies, sorrow lives when they
are gone.

But enough of woeful brooding; borrowed trouble seems the
worst;

Minds that revel in dark musings, are of all, the most accurst.
"Locksley Hall," I give you greeting, come I with your old
time guest,

Come I with him to re-enter in the spirit of his quest;
Come I with him, fagged and weary from the busy world of
care,

Out across the scented moorland, here to breathe pure na-
ture's air;

Come I with him, that the present might be bettered by the
past,

And that deep and dark forebodings, from his fevered mind
cast,

That he by kindly word and pleading, take a higher holier
view.

Of the many now contending 'gainst the grinding of the few.
Lo! 'tis here, all dim and gloomy, in this aisle so still and
grand,

That the dust of sires find shelter from the touch of vandal's
hand,

And the graven tablet tells us of a long ancestral line—
Span of years—whose noble fruitage sleeps within one com-
mon shrine.

Ah! And here too lies your Amy; and sweet babe another
owned—

Fate perchance, you think had willed it—love so speedily
atoned!—

"Lies my Amy dead in childbirth"—you were sighing yester-
day—

Ah the mind should stop such musing, when the locks have
grown so gray.

Time methinks should bridge the chasm, span the heart-rent
heal the sore;

Pangs you felt in youth's wild moments, in old age should
pain no more.

Go, repent of all harsh language, as you stoop above you
tomb,

Tomb of him who too loved Amy. He who was the lucky
groom;

He whose feelings sore you wounded, in a hasty, foolish mood,
When your jealous soul was tortured and your heart with
hate imbued—

He who long survived the parting, yet was gathered in at
last—

Go! Erase the lines you pencilled, blot the leaflet of the past—

Go, for time is swiftly chasing shadows over life's worn track,

And tomorrow, faults may journey where you cannot call
them back.

Edith! Ah, the name is holy! Forty years of wedded life!

How can passion live beyond it? How can love prolong the
strife?

Edith, in her last long slumber, tasks are done and all is o'er,
Heard I oft the sacred sentence, "Blest are they who go be-
fore."

Moldy spot! How stern those tablets tell of death, and tell
of life,

Tell the tale of life's endeavors, mark the closing of the strife.

And the forms that lie beneath them, prove the truth of
 Time's decay,
 In the dust of oldest grandsire, or the flesh of yesterday.
 Oh, strange lessons grim and truthful, did we linger we could
 learn,
 But the day is fading nightward, we must homeward now re-
 turn,

How this line—my latest sentence—breathes with no uncer-
 tain sound!
 As life's journey nears its nightfall, we should all be home-
 ward bound.
 Yes, our stay was full of pleasure, for the mysteries of the
 mind,
 How to muse o'er joy or sorrow, seems a boon of mystic kind!
 Think you ever of the cycle—span of thought—an' endless
 chain;
 Bringing back the web of memories, in an ever wierd refrain?
 Ah, the mind is in divining, and the brain is but the dial
 That must mark the deep reflection, as the compass marks the
 mile
 Ever on a sea uncertain, yet the stars are overhead,
 When the needle fails to guide us we must go by them in
 stead.

O, the mysteries of our being, and the shadows of our fate,
 Seem to tell in secret silence of a weak and mortal state;
 While a finger superhuman, points a guidance most divine,
 Leading ever on mysterious, filling all the ways of time,
 Leave us, spite of deep mind mysteries, torture never weak-
 ling's brain,
 Waft the echos of the spirits, revel we in the refrain.
 But again I've strayed unconscious from our easy, human
 theme.
 Let us deal with men and matters, take them ever as they
 seem;
 Take the Old World and the New World, older men with
 younger mind,
 And again a young race rising, dragging old time sores be-
 hind,
 Progress, claim you, for this brooding of an old tyrannic rule?
 Their's true progress? Progress never rears a tyrant or a
 fool.
 Fevered mind, again I say it; noble mind it once had been;
 Can you scorn your old-time equals, calling "fools" this race
 of men?

You have erred and not the masses, Freedom rears them as
her own!—

Lo! has placed to lead her minions, one, in all this world
alone

Premier, poet, moralist, noveliest, essayist, statesman—all in
one;

Noble man for noblest purpose, calm he leads the millions on.

Squirm not, shrink not, for the future brighter pages yet will
turn,

Old time feuds and present follies, soon will fill the future's
urn.

"Celtic Demos," called you wildly, called you madly in your
wrath.

Ghouls imaginative linger like a fiend upon your path,

Painting all the soul's remorse, with the deepest hue,
despair,

Luring peace and sweet contentment, to an ail devouring
snare;

Thus with heart and mind besotted with the dregs that fame
bestows,

Gloat you over "Celtic Demos," tell you how a demon rose.

"Hope was ever on her mountains," light of freedom, holy
sheen;

Seven centuries of oppression, finds her every mount as green,

Finds her sons as true and constant, finds her daughters
sweet and pure;

Never theirs the shame you pictured in the "warrens of the
poor,"

Crowded London's vices never find a foothold on her strand,

Wronged, oppressed, outraged and libeled—still I love thee,
Motherland,

"Helpless horse and kindlier cattle, burnt by miscreant,"
touch your heart.

But for creatures—human equals—victims of the landlord's
art,

You have not a chord responsive. Ah! that hardened heart
and cold!

You are toasted by "the gentry," primed you are by Britain's
gold.

Sing the songs of England's lordings, make your pen a re-
creant quill.

Hurl those darts of fiery venom, hear we never "Peace, be
still;"

Let the waves of passion surging, madly lash the Ship of State,
Urge the tyrant forth with vengeance, leave the poor man to his fate.

Holy cause! And thus espousing, pose as champion of despair?
Chaos, cosmos, wreck and ruin, taunt and turmoil rend the air;
Paint in darkest, cruelest colors, all the crimes of modern men,
Be your ink the blood of demons, and a flaming sword your pen;
Ancient sprites—the imps of hades—leaping up from out the past,
Urge you on to smile and scuttle, rend the ship from stern to mast:

"Hold! Enough!" I hear you shouting—"you, a youth of thirty years,
Thus to question England's laureate, whom the world so much reveres?
I had thought that Britain's graybeard should unchallenged have his say,
When the sands of life are slipping 'neath his footsteps fast away.
And the pen that oft had written over many a pearly page,
I might bear in kingly triumph, 'mid your plaudits from the stage.
Have I erred in second boyhood? Oh, great God! My brain doth reel!
I at last among the lowly meet one worthy of my steel,
Oh, my friends, a horrid vision, breaks upon my backward gaze,
And I see the lamp of reason flash the light of other days.
And a dark abyss lies near me—darker than the shades of hell;
Have I thither been transported? Tell me! Will some mortal tell?
Have I leapt the mighty chasm, measured by the lapse of years,
Thinking that I dwelt in Heaven, safe beyond this vale of tears?
Has the pomp of regal splendor lured my dreamy soul to sleep,
That the pencil of the laureate sows what only hate must reap?

Oh, my soul! the horrid vision! Blood and tempest fill the
land,
And twin Anarchy and Murder, walk untouched on London's
strand.

Surely, dream it was, or spirit, led my weakened mind astray,
That I might court fame and folly and repent of both to-day!
Hold, my friends! The veil is lifting! I can see adown the
past,

And the scenes of youth and childhood, flit before my gaze at
last.

See my Amy walk beside me, in the twilight by the sea,
Feel my wild young spirit longing for the years that yet
would be.

See again, when in stern manhood, cruel disappointment
came—

All those years when work and worry led me on and on to
fame.

All the years I worked and pondered, ravelling out the web
of life—

Earning bread for cherished children, gentle Elith, loving
wife

I can read my whole life's lesson in the light that shows the
past,

Did I wander from my fellows, proving recreant at the last?
Till I stand a grim, old graybeard, stand alone upon the stage,
While those friends of sturdy manhood, scowl upon me in
their rage?

"Lived too long" some say. Ah, truly? "Lived his usefulness
beyond;"

Oh, the bitter thought to harbor makes my frail old heart
despond,

And I stand here, weak and weary, relic of poetic lore,

Out of joint with men and matters, hated for the part I bore.

Let me use the hours still left me, let me live the past again;

Let me cry down all the voices that enslave the hearts of
men .

There is one, (Ah, yes! You know him), one who braved the
blasts of time;

Grand old oak that grew beside me, through those years of
storm and shine;

Well I know his proud soul battled for the brotherhood of
man,

Spurning wealth and lordly titles, living only—as a man.

"Gladstone! Well, the world doth honor, weep it will when
thou art gone, "

Who will fill the place of statesman, who will lead the mil-
lions on?

Will an evil star have risen, flaming in the world's deep blue,
And the red, red rule of demons, olden scenes of blood renew?
Or will there rise majestic, mighty man as ever swayed,
That the storms of revolution 'neath his magic hand be stayed?
See I visions of the future, never yet as eye hath seen,
And the final fate of nations flit before me as a dream;
See I surging seas of fates, turning to the coming day,
Hope's bright beacon leading onward, pointing to the better
way.

This, when all the arms of warriors, battle stained are laid
aside,

And the nation's flags, bespattered, deep in human crimson
dyed,

Have been furled; and furled forever, ere the great millennial
day;

Mankind walketh e'en as shadows—lo! the mists have cleared
away."

Ah! Old graybeard, thou art dreaming, truly dreaming, deep
and grand;

Standing in the outer heaven, reaching earthward as thy
hand.

'Tis the poet's inspiration, 'tis the mind's mysterious change,
Bringing atoms out of chaos—thoughts unborn within thy
range.

At the fount of inspiration, kneel, ah, kneel, thou footsore
man!

Peer within her depths of crystal, mirrored there is life's
great plan

Rest thee now, distressed and weary, having climbed the lad-
der bright,

Where the day is wrapt in shadow and you peer beyond the
night.

"Thou shalt hear the 'never, never!' whispered by the phan-
tom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears,
For, I doubt not, through the ages, one unceasing purpose
runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened, with the process of
the suns."

Through the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the younger
day,

Better "fifty years of Europe," than "a cycle of Cathay."

So we leave you in your musings, standing in the outer land,
Lingering yet within the twilight, by the evening zephyrs
fanned.

DOWN TO DEATH.

A Tale of the Johnstown Flood.

Down to their death where the torrent ran highest,
Down to their death in fair Conemaugh's vale;
Down! And they struggled when danger was highest,
But a breath, and the current had stifled their wail.

Surging and splashing and mounting and dashing.
It seemed as if demons were guiding the flood,
Mangled and munched, and the thousands of corpses
Had made of that torrent a river of blood.

Houses and chattles and lives we held dearest,
Riven and dashed in the waters below,
Onward! Borne onward in fiercest confusion,
Oh! Who that can dwell on this orgie of woe?

The babe in the cradle so quietly sleeping,
The father who toiled at the forge 'cross the way,
That mother, who's watch o'er her darling was keeping;
The rich man, the poor man, where are they to-day?

Summoned to death in that turbulent billow
Greed had created, his wants to supply,
How oft we had dreamed as we lay on our pillow,
Of dangers that lurked in that death trap on high!

It hung like a pall and beclouded our hearthstones,
Till fear to indifference and folly gave place,
And death through the valley rushed onward and onward,
To gather fresh speed in his maddening race,

Oh God! They are strewn on the banks of that river,
Where oft in the shades of the even' they strolled;
Where wealth and where beauty so soon had to wither,
Before the huge wave that relentlessly rolled,

THE GRAVE BY THE SEA.

Here leans the simple tablet,
Hoary and worn by the sea,
Beaten by storm and tempest
Years upon years—ah, me!
"Sacred," it says, to the memory
Of a sea-rover, fair and bold,
A rakish lad of the briny deep,
Whom a mother loved of old.

Rest, where the sea waves murmur
And break on the beach beside;
Never again to brave the blast
On the ocean cold and wide,
Out where the white waves tumble,
No more doth the merry song
Of the jolly tar, assurance give
To the good ship's trembling throng

Leagues upon leagues on a distant shore,
A watcher a beacon kept,
And night after night, peering out to sea
A mother watched and wept;
Watched for her boy to return again—
Waited and watched in vain—
For years, long years had the grassy sod
O'er that sea-lad's bosom lain.

And the mother, the old folks say, kept watch,
Demented and aged, by the sea;
And Old Ocean mocked at her faithful tryst
Like a demon with heart aglee;
And no gentle zephyr brought answer back,
Nor whispered the doleful truth,
And the trusting mother laid down and died,
Way back in our days of youth.

And so doth the tablet seem weird to us,
 Repeating a tale of old,
 That we oft' had heard at our father's knee,
 A tale that our kinsfolks told;
 It is worn by the blast and browned by age,
 'Tis a study for you and me,
 For it marks the grave of a wayward son,
 As it stands there alone by the sea.

BEAUTIFUL STAR

[The following lines were prompted while driving home at midnight in the country. The pools of water in the roadway here and there reflecting the beauty of the starry sky, the quiet hush of midnight hour, the peaceful silence that reigned supreme—all served to inspire the writer's mind.

Beautiful star in the midnight sky
 Lighting the way for my steed and I;
 Beautiful star, oh, beautiful star!
 Kindly the ray from your home afar.

Chilly the night, but the frosty air
 Serves to embellish the garb you wear,
 The twinkling gems in the mighty blue
 Are pure as drops of the morning dew.

Pure as the dew drops in morn of May
 That garnish the brow of a newborn day
 Beautiful star! Oh, ye Nymphs of night!
 Winning my heart, to my muse invite.

Beautiful star of the boundless space—
 Slumbering earth, oh how quiet your face—
 Fondly your vigil o'er millions keep,
 Now wooing the love of the Maid of Sleep.

Beam for the ones I would succor here,
 Soften the pillow, and dry the tear;
 Whisper of hope for the night is long—
 Beautiful star you have won my song.

Plodding my steed through the muddy road,
 Faithful and ready for each new load,
 Light us, till soon at our journey's end,
 Oh, beautiful star, we may call thee "friend."

ODE TO LABOR.

Look not backward toiler—never!
Keep your hand upon the plow,
Cleave the sod that lies before you,
Do not loose your courage now;
Turn the furrow for the seed-time.
Do your part and with a will,
Heaven's hand directs the sowing,
God will bless the land ye till.

Toiler in the earth beneath us,
Wield the pick and bide your time—
Stranger to the sun's warm beaming—
Honest workers of the mine!
Grasp the yellow lumps before you,
Glittering in your lamp's pale light;
Small the portion that rewards you
In the world's unequal fight.

Brawny hand that swings the hammer,
Honest brain that guides the blow,
Standing at the forge, a martyr,
As the long days come and go;
Weld the steel to suit your purpose
Bend the bar and form the chain—
Symbol of the one that binds you—
Toiler, labor is in vain.

Gentle hand that plies the needle
Fainting 'neath your load to-day.
Sighing for a moments respite
From the cares that cloud your way;
Worn and weary, still they goad you
For the paltry mit? you earn—
But a ransom comes to-morrow
And the tide is on the turn.

Toilers! Toilers all! An echo
Passes 'round the world to-day;
'Tis the voice of justice crying
"I am come, prepare the way!"
And we see the hopeful waiting
And we see the despot quail—
Flash the light, the dawn is breaking,
'Tis the day the millions hail.

AMERICA.

America, great broadened sward!—
Land of toil and toil's reward.
Land of fair and vaulted skies,
'Neath which peace and freedom lies
Land of daughters sweet and fair,
Sons who nobly do and dare;
Land of slumbering, peaceful night—
Dreaded foe when roused to fight,
Land of science and of skill;
Land where genius wings at will,
Land of learning, land of lore
Stranger than on Egypt's shore.
Land that buried centuries knew;
Land where nations in review,
Passed, and to oblivious way,
Long before our modern day.
Land of sweet poetic strains
From the woodland and the plains,
Voices of the laughing rills—
Echoing from your countless hills.
Land of grandeur bold and wide,
Cataract and inland tide;
Mountain heights that none can brave
Standing sentinel by the wave.
Land of stately northern pine,
Southland, where 'tis ever shine
Land of east and land of west—
O, my country first and best!

THE PHANTOM RIDER.

They say on Chantilly when night casts her shadow,
A horseman is seen to dash over the field;
His soldierly bearing, his fiery eye flashing,
Proclaims him a leader who knew not to yield.

We see his sword waving, his sleeve flying armless;
His teeth grips the rein of the charger he strides,
He turns as if waving his legions to follow,
And on to the timber like demon he rides.
A blast seems to follow the wake of the rider,
As madly he dashes ahead in the pine:
And we know 'tis Phil Kearny who fell in the battle,
While charging the ridge at the head of his line.
'Tis said, on Chantilly the hosts are still waging
The fight as they waged it that morning in June;
And shadowy legions still follow their leader,
In soldierly order with sabre and plume.
Give back O, Chantilly the soul of the leader;
Give back to his comrades the flower of their choice.
Oh, long in our hearts will his memory be cherished;
And long will each one in his valor rejoice.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

A sprig of Scottish heather
They have sent me o'er the sea,
From Grampion's stately mountain foot,
Where oft' I wandered free,
To pluck the wee blue flowers
That won my childish heart
And bound me so to native land,
That death alone can part.
When last I looked on Forfarshire
And Grampion's Hills beside
I felt my blood course faster
And my heart was filled with pride;
For I felt where'er I wandered,
Be it far or be it near,
No home like Scotland's Highlands,
Would to me be half so dear.
Oh welcome, sprig of heather,
You are doubly dear to-day,
As I press you to my bosom
O'er a thousand leagues away;

And my heart reverts to Scotia
 Where the heather cheered my sire;
 And I see at foot of Grampion Hills
 The bairnes of Forfarshire,

SONG.

EILEEN OF DUNBWY.

NOTE:—This and the preceding piece, "A Sprig of Heather," appear, together with the author's portrait, on page 596, of "Poets Of America.,,"

Oh 'twas but a whitewashed cabin,
 On a barren hill beyond,
 But a something hung around it,
 That made the heart grow fond;
 And I gently stopped to listen,
 To those notes so full and sweet;
 'Twas an Irish maiden singing,
 And her words I'd fain repeat.

For my heart sank low within me,
 And I smothered up a sigh,
 As I thought of lonely Eileen,
 Lovely Eileen of Dunbwy;
 As she sung to breezes waiting,
 Those sweet notes across the sea,—
 Oh could her love but listen
 To the song that greeted me!

Oh, 'twas Eileen, lonely Eileen,
 Faithful Eileen of Dunbwy.
 As she strolled without the cabin,
 That had caught my wandering eye;
 Eileen singing to her lover,
 As he dwelt far o'er the main;
 True to Ireland still and Eileen,
 Safe beyond the Tyrant's chain.

Lonely Eileen sweetly warbled,
 'Till within the cabin door,
 Stood her aged mother calling—
 "Eileen! Eileen! Come, asthore!"

You will break me heart me darlin',

Don't be strollin' there alone,

Don't be greivin' so for Terrance,

He will come some day ochone."

Soft the shades of even' gathered,

Soft those notes fell on my ear.

And the waning twilight found me

Deep in thought, still lingering near:

For no fairer maid had ever,

O'er my spirit cast her spell,

Quite unconscious of your conquest,

Faithful Eileen fare you well.

Beauteous Eileen sing your love song,

As the lark sings to his mate,

Dwell upon that barren hillside,

Nature's Queen in rural stare;

Charm the heart of each lone minstrel,

That may chance to pass you by.

But be true, be true to Terrance,

Lovely Eileen of Duntwy.

LINES.

What is this spell that creeps o'er me

Chilling my heart with a timorous pain,

Touching each chord with a finger of anguish

Sounding some sad note again, and again?

Years that are gone, with their doleful impressions

Faces that tell of a sorrowful past

Loom on my vision and grieve me to-night,

Clouding the way where my footsteps are cast.

Cease, oh cruel tempter to trouble my spirit,

Wake not the dreams that I fancied were gone.

Leave me to look at the star of my promise,

Hope with her beacon still beckons me on.

Let me forget all the pangs and the passions,

That gilded my youth with a fervor sublime;

That, thro' manhood hours, with their fruitful suggestions,

To each throb of my heart like a shadow kept time.

Leave me cruel sprite; O, leave me to languish
 In the love I had builded deep down in my soul;
 If it be but a dream, it is sweeter than any
 That cupid as yet hath e're ventured to dole.
 Taunt me not now when stern fate with her guerdon
 Chains me where sadness must only be mine;
 Leave me to hope for a star in the future;
 Whose rays, thro' my gloom, blessed beacon, may shine.

 THE SHAMROCK.

There's a dear little flower called the Shamrock,
 That grows in that Isle in the sea,
 O, the roses and hawthorns may blossom,
 But the Shamrock's the dearest to me.
 They may trample and curse and revile it,
 The traitor may stoop to defile,
 They may pluck the loved sprig from our bosom,
 But it still has the power to beguile,
 Oh! send me a shamrock to cherish,
 A dear little sprig 'cross the sea,
 I'll press the loved plant to my bosom,
 O the Shamrock! The Shamrock for me!
 It asks for no one to defend it,
 For stout hearts are beating to day
 And strong arms are ready to guard it,
 Hurrah for the shamrock! Hurrah!
 'Tis the sweet little emblem of Ireland,
 It grows over mountain and moor,
 'Tis the pride of the high and exalted,
 'Tis the comfort and hope of the poor,
 It's three little leaves are extended,
 It offers to heaven a prayer
 For freedom and peace to old Ireland,
 Oh, the Shamrock! The Shamrock so fair.
 The orange and the green they are blending,
 And ages of strife are no more,
 While comfort and plenty are wending
 Their way to the cottagers' door.

Then bloom thou loved Shamrock of Erin.
The rose is no sweeter than thee,
Oh, the roses and hawthorn may blossom,
But the Shamrock's the dearest to me.

CITIES OF THE SEA.

Cities of the sea, strange cities,
Cities of the deep, rolling sea;
Down 'neath the waves many fathoms,
Cities, strange cities of the sea,
Safe from the billows and tempest,
Safe in old ocean's deep hold;
Down in those temples of coral,
The love of the mermaid is told,
Down where the winds never trouble
And tempests sweep not in their wrath,
The sea-gods speed forth in their chariots;
And courtiers guard ever their path.
Down in those cities, strange cities;
Sights stranger still we may see—
Down in those cities, many cities,
Lost in the wild waste of sea.
Down in those cities, strange cities,
Built in some cave of the deep;
There doth the mariner languish,
There doth the sea-rover sleep

SOMETHING TO LIVE.

—OR—

THE EBB AND THE FLOW.

Something to live on the ocean of time,
Borne like a waif o'er its storm-riven brine;
Hither and thither and yonder to go,
Changed in its course by the ebb and the flow.
Only a snatch of a song, strangely sweet,
Charming the hearts and the ears it may greet,
Touching the strings of sweet melody's lute;
Bearing a burden of love laden fruit

Something to live on the breezes that blow,
 O'er life's weary path with it's rain and it's snow;
 Wafting a cadence o'er meadow and lane;
 Moaning in pine trees like mortals in pain.
 Down where the summer wind swirls thro' the grass,
 Down where the bob-o-link sings as we pass—
 Ever a song in our joy or our woe,
 Something to cheer t'wixt the ebb and the flow.

Something to live and to garnish our youth;
 Something to aid us in manhood's stern truth;
 Something to cheer as we trembling stand,
 Out on the shore of life's nethermost sand,
 Watching the surge at the ebb and the flow;
 Cheered by a strain that is mellow and low
 Yes, ever seaward our faces are bent,
 Scanning the waters for isles of content.

Soft is the cadence that wafts on the breeze,
 Words that were written to comfort and please;
 Wove in a song that is hoary with years
 And still must it echo, on, on thro' the spheres.
 Weave a sweet song from the woof of the past;
 Gather the heartstrings for strands that will last
 Ever the loom and the shuttle must go,
 Weaving a hymn t'wixt the ebb and the flow.

Something to live, ah yes, something to live;
 Something to treasure and something to give;
 Something to linger when we are awry,
 A chord that re-echoes for ever and aye,
 Out on the deep t'wixt the ebb and the flow,
 Warning the far of the deep undertow—
 Something to live thro' the maze of the years
 Winning our laughter or forcing our tears

THE OLD MAN'S STORY

Yes, it's 'zactly so my brothers, every word that you have
 heard,
 No, they haven't tried to stretch it, an' they haven't lied a
 word;
 I have lived here long, an' nearly forty years I've tried to
 stay.

But each one that come seemed harder, harder, harder till to-day.
'Twas somewhere in the sixties, 'bout the time the war was made;
The youngsters were growed up then, on the common there they played;
An' the boys—they were the oldest—Tom an' Steve, I see them yet,
As they run and jump an' wrestle, till they'd start the honest sweat;
Not a boy around the common where the cows were pastured then,
That could best them in a tussie, an' there weren't many men.
It often made my heart glad when I came from work at night
An' I strolled across the common guided by my cottage light—
There was wife and all the children sittin' 'round till supper time,
Waitin' till I warmed and rested—those were happy days of mine.
Yes, it kinder seemed like livin', all those sparklin' eyes about—
Rose and Nell, and baby Clara, how they'd gather all about
To listen to the story I'd to tell of things in town,
An' the new fandangled notions that were alwus comin' roun.
Well, the war came on, and honest Abe was callin' loud for men,
An' everyone was drillin' for to meet the rebels then;
So my boys they went for soldiers—yes, curly Tom and Steve.
An' perhaps my old heart wasn't sad the day I saw them leave;
But I choked down all emotion, tho' 'twere pretty hard to do'
An' I waved my hat an' shouted for the gallant boys in blue
Yes, they bore the Flag of Freedom—went to free the dusky slave—
An' we knew the day they left us they were marchin' to the grave.
Steve went down at Chickamaugy, and brave Tom at Round Top fell
Riven by a dozen bullets, shattered by a rebel shell.
Yes, perhaps it isn't manly to be grievin' 'bout it so,
But I tell you friends it dealt us most a fearful heavy blow.
And the girls they soon were wedded, and left us in their turn,

But what came of baby Clara, not a soul could ever learn.
 So it wa'n't long till livin' seemed a very different thing
 With no boys and girls about us, and no hopes on which to
 cling.

* * * * *

Well, the city kept on growin', coming nearer to our door.
 And the taxes kept a risin', and we always getting poor;
 They kept a buildin' houses, an fenced the common in,
 And we had to sell old bridle, which we always thought a
 sin;

And today our little cottage, low and mossy and so brown,
 Doesn't seem to suit the mansions, they are buildin' all aroun'
 We couldn't pay the taxes, they hev rose so awful high,
 And it seems that only rich can live—the poor must starve
 an' die.

When I hear that grip-car runnin' every minnit by my door,
 An' the noise of trowel and hammer; how my old head seems
 to roar.

There's a wall 'longside our cottage, runnin' almost to the sky,
 An' another one a buildin', to be finished in July;

Oh, it seems the're bound to crowd us from our little plot of
 earth,

Where those heroes of the battle—Steve an' Tommy, had their
 birth,

Yes, it's so! that's why I'm grievin', why I'm hungry, why
 I'm weak ;

An' my old heart bids me smother all the curses I might
 speak.

There's mother str etched out yonder on that trundle, mean
 and low,

An' the old bed quilts that cover make a homely sort of
 show;

An' the pillow slips are thready with the wear of many years;
 They are often bathed, when thinking, with a flood of bitter
 tears;

For our babe was not as lucky as we'd wish a babe to be,
 We forgave her—but forgot her? ah, she's still a child to me.

* * * * *

Heigho! the world is weary of us two old folk it seems;
 All the joy that is our portion now can only come in dreams.
 Our life has been a shadow with a sunbeam here and there,
 An' it seems a gettin' darker for us old an' feeble pair.
 There's only the crust that's left us, hard and mouldy on the
 shelf;

Yes, a little bite for mother. I can rough it out myself,

* * * * *

Thank you! thank you! O, God bless you! there is still a friend
or two;
We will plead for such in heaven, with our soldier boys in
blue.
No, we'll not stay long to trouble, for our time is measured
here;
Let them build their city mansions, build them broad an'
high an' near,
When they place me over yonder with a slat above my head,
Write, "Here lies another parent of the nation's soldier-
dead."

THE SNOWFLAKES

~~~~~

The snowflakes are falling so plenteous to-day—  
They are "picking the geese up in heaven" they say,  
Winging their easy and tortuous flight,  
Coming to gladden earth's creatures to-night,  
Weaving a mantle so pearly and pure,  
Welcomed by all, both the rich and the poor.  
Yes, let them fall; they will cover the past,  
Down where the leaves of the Autumn are cast;  
Down where the forms of our loved ones are laid;  
Down where we wept, where we lingered and prayed.  
Falling so calmly, they will not molest  
The sleep of the dreamer, now taking his rest.

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### BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

Beautiful dreams! Beautiful dreams!  
Beautiful dreams of the sunlight land.  
Beautiful dreams, where hope ever beams;  
Beautiful dreams of the sunlight land.  
Beautiful dreams! Beautiful dreams!  
Dreams that I dremt in the long ago.  
Beautiful dreams, summerland dreams;  
Wafting their music sweet and low

One, in my dreams—beautiful dreams,  
 Oft have I seen tho' she wanders far;  
 Oh, could I clasp in my beautiful dreams  
 Her, the sweet sprite,—my own bright star!  
 Beautiful dreams! Beautiful dreams!  
 Beautiful dreams still come to me—  
 Love laden dreams, bliss laden dreams,  
 Wrapping my soul in an ecstasy.

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### A DREAM OF CHAOS.

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Yesternight I was troubled, was vexed in my soul  
 For a dream of contention old Morpheus did dote.  
 As he led me thro' pathways so varied and strange,  
 My mind was a maze, so momentuous the change.  
 We roved a strange country where woman was king  
 And man only dwelt as a secondary thing;  
 In the mart, on the hustings she sputtered and spread;  
 At her skirts pulled wierd creatures beseeching for bread.  
 The husband, a slave, drudged at home in content,  
 Scarce dreaming what bluster and petticoats meant;  
 For manhood and womanhood here had no place,  
 Where woman as man did both titles efface;  
 Where children were reared against every decree,  
 For woman as king must be childless and free.  
 Those children were things of a pre-natal curse,  
 And forced to exist here where better meant worse;  
 Where pity and pain were twin blessings to all,  
 Where something was nothing to rise was to fall.  
 Here peace and contentment were demons most foul,  
 Where to laugh was to weep; and to smile was to scowl.  
 Here gossip was found in her royal robes of state;  
 And rumor a trio with malice and hate.  
 Love had no longer a power to restrain  
 And jealousy shouted "To-day I must reign"  
 A day was a year and a year was a day;  
 A moment was ages in passing away;  
 To die was to live and to live was to die,  
 You'd think did you travel with Morpheus and I.

The blue sky above was as darksome as ink,  
And it seemed that we stood upon Hell's very brink;  
Here trouble and turmoil were treasures most dear  
And mercy came not as the price of a tear.  
So Morpheus and I took our leave of the place  
And traveled, it seemed on the billows of space.  
We gazed at the Earth from a somewhere beyond;  
Where the moon never beamed or the day never dawned.  
We strayed upon stars that had never gave light;  
Nor shone as the silver-tipped gems of the night,  
They were starlets unknown till we journeyed their way;  
What they were, where they are, I no longer can say.  
We delved to the depths of the waters that roll  
'Gainst the bounds of the earth, and from pole unto pole;  
And journeyed o'er Continents that ages ago,  
Were teeming with life? Ah, you ask how I know?  
Because in the travels of Morpheus and I,  
Are sights that come never to commonplace eye,  
They are visions transcendent that beam on the sight  
And come but as sprites in the stillness of night.  
And so thro strange cities in ocean's bed deep,  
Old Morpheus and I ever vigil must keep;  
And we hear the bells tolling that never will toll,  
We see the waves rolling that ever must roll.  
We leave those strange cities, we enter a cave,  
That leads under earth;—it is dark as the grave,  
Till we come to a country, as strange as the rest,  
Whose bounds are not placed by the east or the west.  
Here, strange beings dwell and strange races hold sway;  
Strange customs prevail, for night here is day.  
Inter-earth is the name of this dreamy abode,  
And here is the end of earth's pilgrimage road.  
I cannot repeat what I witnessed here,  
Where no sights greet the eye or no sounds fill the ear;  
For "silence is golden," and solemn and still,  
Is this land that the dreamer must designate—Nil.

---

THE CON VICT'S DREAM.

Billy, gimme yer ear for a minute  
I've something to tell you to-day  
'Bout things that hev bothered me often  
Since inside the bars here we lay.

My mother, last night, I am certain  
 Stood outside the grate over there;  
 An' her eyes they were heavy with weepin'  
 An' grey was mixed up in her hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis years since I left the old homestead  
 To ramble, a chump thro' the land;  
 I longed for a glimpse at the cities  
 Where things were so stylish and grand;  
 I left my old parents in sorrow,  
 They've not seen my face since that day  
 An' nary a line from their truant,  
 Since he left them to wander away.

An' now Billy, now I am lonely;  
 The first time I lonely hev been,  
 Since I left my old mother, God bless her;  
 'Till I saw her last night in my dream  
 Yes Billy, my heart has been heavy  
 All day as I lay in my cell;  
 An' the pangs of a conscience so tortured,  
 Are worse than the torments of Hell,

I know I am hardened and seedy  
 An' the lines that you see on my brow,  
 Are there from my own cursed scheming;  
 I hate for to think of it now,  
 My face wore a sweeter expression  
 In days I would fain live again,  
 But the hell we must hev is our making

An' on earth we must suffer it's pain.  
 I dreamed that I rambled in childhood  
 A barefooted boy down the lane,  
 An' the birds were again singing sweetly  
 Just after a warm summer rain;  
 An' I puddled along with my brothers,  
 With pants tightly rolled 'bove my knee,  
 Where the water laid deep in the hollow,  
 Down under the old elm tree.

Yes Billy, I seemed twice as happy—  
 I can't tell you why it was so,  
 As the time that I really was livin'  
 'Way back in the sweet long ago,  
 When the cops were not after my scalp lock;  
 When no safes were beside me to crack;

When the swag did not burden my conscience  
 'Till I longed to be leavin' it back.  
 But Billy, since now we are in it,  
 'Tis no use to weaken and faint;  
 For people would never respect us,  
 If our lives equaled those of a saint.  
 All the same, I can't cast from my memory  
 The dream I had there in my cot,  
 An' I hope my old mother's a stranger  
 To what is her boy's cursed lot,

---

 IN THE MEADOW.

In the meadow, where the toepath winds along,  
 Hard beaten by the press of many feet,  
 And the tall grass grows thriftily and stroug,  
 See the children how they pluck the clovers sweet.  
 And softly in the hush of spring-day noon,  
 Comes the gladsome notes of dinner bell beyond,  
 A welcome call in those long days of June  
 To the farm boy, so ready to respond.  
 Through the meadow, in my childhood years ago,  
 I remember well the toepath's every turn;  
 And the old log stile I see, where used to grow,  
 By the woodland low, the blue-flag and the fern  
 Just where the wood and meadow meet—  
 I've tried to forget it all those years;  
 In the summer eve I'd wait the sound of feet  
 That nevermore will tread this vale of tears.  
 I can see her fair form, within the meadow now,  
 As she gently trips the old toepath along;  
 And the bob-o link his sweetest note repeats  
 To mingle with the sound of Annie's song.  
 Yes, oft I have waited on the stile;  
 Waited for the evening shades to fall;  
 Down in the meadow all alone,  
 Waited for my Annie, for my all.  
 But over where the tall grass is waving,  
 Over in the graveyard on the hill,  
 Lies the fair one, I courted in the meadow,  
 Her I loved—madly loved,—am loving still.

Yes, love from the heart ne'er can vanish  
Love for my Annie lying low;  
Tho' slowly the long years are passing,  
And slowly the seasons come and go.

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### THE WOODMAN'S CHILD.

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A Romance of the Michigan Backwoods.

Tom Gannon was a "chopper,"  
And he lived on "the divide"  
In a little backwoods cabin  
Upon the mountain side.  
Tom Gannon was a worker,  
An honest man I'm told,  
Who toiled for those who loved him  
And envied no man's gold.

He had a wife and daughter—  
A loving wife and true,  
Whose every act was kindness,  
Whose virtues were not few,  
His daughter was a damsel,  
A being of tender grace,  
With form like any Venus  
And a very angels face.

This girl had golden ringlets  
And a bright and limpid eye,  
And one that mocked the very blue  
That charmed the summer sky.  
She lived within that humble home  
Like a forest flower, forgot;  
A tender thing, that highest rank  
Or wealth, would fain have sought

She rambled thro' the wildwood  
In the pleasant hours of spring,  
And often with her laughter  
Would the forest pastures ring;  
In the beautiful summer twilight  
Oft the echo of her song  
Joined the ripple of the brooklet  
As it swiftly sped along.

Here she lived, this tender rosebud,  
Of the forest flowers the queen;  
All her parents had to treasure,  
Though a treasure rare I wean,  
She had never known of sorrow,  
And life's cares had not began;  
One among earth's favored creatures  
Was Tom Gannon's Mary Ann.

Slowly plodding through the brushwood,  
Came a rich man's son one day;  
A huntsman, bold and youthful,  
From a city far away.  
Raven hair and manly feature,  
With a bold and winning eye;  
Why should this scion tarry,  
Where the woodman's treasures lie?

He had heard beyond the chopping  
Of this budding forest flower;  
He has met the angel maiden  
In a weak and fateful hour.  
See her rosy blush—she loves him—  
He is her ideal—tell me why?  
She has read his soul's deep rapture,  
In the depth of hazel eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soft the balmy breath of June day  
Casts a mellow haze beyond,  
And a spell as of misfortune,  
O'er her spirit now has dawned.  
Her heart now throbs with passion,  
Love-light flashes in her eye;  
For to-day she joins her lover,  
She must bid a fond good-bye.

She strolled beside the cedars,  
Where the brooklet seeks the dell,  
Dreaming in the pleasant June day,  
As the breezes rose and fell;  
Listening to the gladsome carols,  
Of the wild bird's happy song;  
Living yet within her haven,  
Far beyond a city's throng.

Comes her lover down the clearing,  
He returns to claim his bride;  
He must rob the burly chopper

Of his treasure, of his pride,  
Came to bear her to the city,  
Like a lily from the wild;  
There to reign in worldly splendor,  
Now no more a forest child.

Sad the hearts that weep her parting;  
Honest Tom, why grieve to-day?  
Mother dear give up your jewel,  
Sunshine cannot always stay!  
"Farewell, mother; farewell, father;  
I will soon be back again."—  
But no answer did they give her  
For their hearts were stilled with pain.  
The tall pines seemed to whisper,  
"Oh, sweet rosebud, do not go."  
And the nodding boughs were waving  
A sad farewell, and low;  
The song birds ceased their singing,  
And those parents' heart were sad,  
For their only hope was leaving—  
The girl was all they had.

She is gone! Without the cabin  
All seems desolate and still,  
And Tom Gannon joins his sorrow  
With the murmur of the rill.  
When the wind sweeps o'er the forest  
Now, it seems to moan and sigh,  
And the distant glades re-echo,  
"Annie dear, a fond good-bye."

And so upon the hillside lone,  
Within their humble cot,  
The woodman and his cherished wife  
Bear nobly with their lot;  
And in dreams they oft are living  
In the years that long have gone.  
And they hear the merry music  
Of sweet Annie's childhood song.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis the autumn; and the rustle  
Of the yellow leaves and sere,  
And the moaning of the pine trees  
Breathes a requiem o'er the bier  
That within an humble cabin,  
Where the country folk have come—  
'Tis the form of gentle Annie;  
They have borne the lily home.



Long that one short spell, since Annie  
 In the bloom of health had gone,  
 And the zephyrs missed the cadence  
 Of the tender maiden's song.  
 Doomed the rosebud was to wither  
 In the city's poisoned breath;  
 And the sickle gleaned a harvest,  
 For the bony hand of Death.

What is all your gold and glamour,  
 Pomp and passion, sin beguiled,  
 To the wild and happy pastime  
 Of a simple forest child?  
 What are all your costly mansions  
 To an humble cabin here,  
 Where sorrow seldom cometh  
 And contentment e'er is near?

So they bore her forth to slumber  
 On the hillside where she played;  
 And a wreath of flowers above her  
 Oft by tender hands are laid.  
 Seek not 'mong the city mansions  
 For the lily of the wild—  
 'Neath a mound within the forest,  
 Sweetly sleeps the woodman's child.

---

### BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

Beautiful valley among the green hills;  
 Oft have I dwelt in your sunny repose;  
 Oft have I waded wi' breeks 'bove my knees,  
 Down in the streamlet at even's glad close.

Mither wad call tae us, come ye my bairnies;  
 Come tae yer cot for the daylight is gone;  
 An' she'd tuck us a' in wi' a cauda' ye doon;  
 Saying, bless them and keep them, O, Lord everyone.

Saft were my slumbers when doon in yon valley;  
 Not a cark n't a care h'd I ever to feel.  
 Mang the bonnie blue heather that bloomed on the hillside,  
 I rambled and romped as if Nature's ain cheil.

Sing to me ever the songs of old Scotia;  
 Carry me back if 'tis only in thought;  
 Set me again 'neath the shade of the arbor,  
 That shelters the thatch of my father's low cot.

## THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Softly the Beacon-light beams o'er the sea;  
    Patiently loved ones are waiting for me.  
Waiting's the twilight on shroud and on spar,  
    Brighter the glow of yon twinkling star.

Softer the breezes as onward we go,  
    Eager to fondle the loved ones we know.  
Now on the shore may be watching bright eyes;  
    Watching the sails that to far leeward lies.

Watching and waiting and eager to learn  
    If those they are seeking, to-night will return;  
Darker the shadows grow, wider apace  
    Seem we to dwell as the waves slowly chase.

Softly the beacon-light beams now for me,  
    Darker the shadows that compass the sea,  
See the gray streak of the twilight afar,  
    See the bright beams of the evening star.

Steady the good ship so gallantly manned,  
    Sailors ahoy! We are nearing the land;  
Swiftly flitting's a bird 'cross our bow,  
    Skimming the waters as onward we plow.

Nearer the beacon light, brighter the glow,  
    Flashing a welcome where ocean waves flow;  
Friendly breeze bears us along to the shore;  
    Safe from our journey, we'll wander no more.

Loved ones are waiting, fond hearts are beating  
    Softly a prayer for our safety repeating;  
To-night we will slumber with soft arms about us;  
    Dear ones that waited and never could doubt us.  
Fond is the greeting and warm it must be  
    That welcomes the sailor-boy home from the sea

## THE ANGEL OF THE VALLEY.

An Incident Of The Great Flood, Johnstown, Pa , 1889.

They found her in the valley,  
Where the wreck gave up its dead;  
And the pitying angels hovered,  
Silent watchers overhead;  
There she knelt among the driftwood,  
As if still in holy prayer;  
But the damps of death were on her,  
In her eyes the glassy stare.

They had seen her when the torrent  
Bore the city's thousands down,  
Like a suppliant angel pleading;  
And her face wore not a frown.  
As she swept within the chasm,  
We had hoped she would not die,  
That some timely hand might succor,  
That some help would yet be nigh.

Soon the darkness settled over  
All the valley of the dead  
And a night devoid of starlight  
Black as ink was overhead  
And thro' all that night of sorrow  
We could not forget the child;  
We could see those eyes still pleading  
And could fancy still she smiled.

The fitful dawn of morning  
Seemed to pause within the east,  
As if loath to lift the curtain  
Where grim death had spread his feast;  
And no sunlight flecked the mountains  
As it oft was wont to do;  
And no sound disturbed the silence  
But the wailing of the few.

There we sought among the debris  
Strewn within that vale below;  
For the angel of the torrent  
That no watcher seemed to know,

And at last we found her kneeling,  
 Riven hair and gard of white,  
 With those eyes upturned to heaven—  
 On her face a holy light.

And the rough men turned in anguish  
 Turned to wipe a tear away  
 For that pale face looked so plaintive  
 And those lips seemed still to pray.  
 Say ye not all good has vanished  
 From this evil world of ours,  
 For choicest buds are bursting still  
 Among the wayside flowers.

## SONG.

## KITTY'S FAREWELL TO ATHLONE.

Athlone, dear Athlone, I must lave you,  
 'Tis breaking my heart 'cause I go;  
 'Tis sad to be lavin' Old Ireland  
 With her beautiful Shamrocks I know;  
 But the lad that I love he is dwelling  
 Far over the billows to-day,  
 An' he says, "come, oh come, my own darling,  
 To the land where no tyrant can stay."

(Chorus)

Farewell Erin, 'tis cruel I should lave you;  
 But crueler t'would be did I stay;  
 For Dennis is watching each white sail,  
 That travels the ocean to-day,  
 Then farewell dear Athlone, ah farewell now,  
 Those green fields where fair shamrocks grow;  
 Farewell, those tall mountains uprising  
 And sweet vales of beauty below;  
 Those dells where I oft used to wander;  
 Those rills that went rippling by;  
 Oh say, will they ne'er miss my footstep?  
 I must lave them, ah yes with a sigh.

(Chorus.)

Farewell friends, farewell Ireland forever;  
Old Athlone, I must bid you adeau;  
When the night closes over the ocean,  
I'll dream of the faces I knew;  
But I fly to the arms of my lover;  
He dwells in that land of the free;  
We will live, we will love and be happy;—  
My hero, my darling and me.

(Chorus.)

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GARDEN FLOWERS.

There are plenty of flowers in the garden, Maud,  
All fragrant and fair to see  
But one above all in the grand array  
Is the sweetest by far to me.

Can you guess my choice of the roses, Maud,  
Of the tulips and daisies fair  
Of the blue bells and pinks; and the heliotrope  
That flavors the evening air?

You are awfully sweet on the flowers, John,  
And a gardener you ought to be,  
But your choice of the fairest flower, John,  
Is a trivial thing to me.

I can guess your choice of the flowers, John,  
And guess you through and through;  
But I think, just over the garden wall  
Is a flower that blooms for you.

What a beautiful open countenance John,  
As it stands over there alone,  
And right in the heart of that big sunflower  
You will find as much love as your own.

So good evening John, good evening,  
My mammy is calling for tea,  
And hereafter think no more, John,  
Of making a flower of me.

MORAL,

So boys have a care when you flatter  
The girls and the garden flowers,  
For taffy don't always stick boys,  
In this slippery world of ours.

THE RUSTLING LEAVES.  

---

Out thro' the forest, with nature communing,  
Far thro' the tangle of briar and weed;  
'Yond where the shades of the purpling mountains  
Are flung their colors in fanciful speed.  
Down the cool bowers we linger and listen,  
Imbibing the charm of the summer's glad eyes;  
Watching the shadows grow dark in the distance,  
Breathing the zephyrs that rustle the leaves.

On, we are strolling while twilight is closing,  
Now we are breathing the fairest perfume;  
Naught to disturb the quiet hush, save the cricket  
And firefly, that fitfully lights up the gathering gloom;  
The shrill notes of robin melodiously piping  
His last farewell song to another day's close;  
And the rippling rill but a step down the tangle,  
Ever laughing and surging as onward it flows.

Oh sweet is the charm of the beautiful even,  
When forest bowers call us in fanciful quest;  
'Tween the gold that is tinting the far distant mountains  
And the rose-light that lingers beyond in the west;  
When the phantoms of Day fall asleep on the hillside  
And the Nymphs of the twilight their vigil relieves;  
When the birds of the wildwood are chanting a vesper,  
And the zephyrs still toy with the rustling leaves.

Oft in the charm of a summer day even  
I lived all the hours I am dreaming to-day;  
Lived,—and existence seemed beautiful as heaven:  
Idly I cast all their treasures away.  
Give me an hour from the cares that oppress me;  
Worry and toil off the heart sadly grieves;  
Let me go down to the cool of the woodland  
And list' to the sound of the rustling leaves.

---

## THE WARNING.

When pomp's weak might assails the strong  
'Till Saxons wake to a sense of wrong;  
When greed, oppression, lordly right  
Seems but the end of England's light;

Allowed no part in country's pride,  
The poor, downtrodden, (rights denied,)   
Long suffering, patient, steeped in woe  
At last arise their power to show.

The sleeping giant with ominous mein  
Lifts up his head with eyes agleam;  
And indignation, wrath, shows plain  
Upon dark visaged brow, ah vain  
Seems England's power and might  
When Right's made wrong and Wrong's called right;

When Royal seal's affixed to all  
That can coerce, repress, enthrall;  
And few, in might ride millions down.  
Is God's will done by State or crown?  
Oh vain's the boast that laws are just  
When millions hunger for a crust  
And golden savers, glistening shine  
Around the board where lordlings dine;  
And quaff and chaff in drunken band  
About their slaves in every land.  
Ah "slavery days" are with us yet  
More dire than Afric's trades beget.

Oh, Isle of Serfs what galls you most?  
The hungry belly's empty toast,  
The cry for bread, the anguished face  
That marks the index of your race?  
Or, when you know that this be true,  
To hear the boastings of the few,  
Who laurel decked by Royal hand  
And fenced by steel on sea and land,  
Proclaim it loudly to the earth,  
That Saxon ne'er shall be a serf?

The Century hand has traced the dial,  
Since haughty France with haughtier smile,  
In feudal manner sneered at Right;  
'Till trampled millions rose in might,  
To face oppression backed by steel  
And force the doors of dark Bastile.  
How futile then, how weak their might  
As God's requiting rose in sight,  
And blazing Paris lit the gloom,  
Wherein was writ the Tyrants' doom!

Oh boldened Serfs of former years  
How mock you at the "Master's" tears,  
Revengeful wrath, long taunted rage,  
How gloat ye in this blood steeped age  
And cheer yon head now borne on high  
On gory spear that passeth by!  
So ends the pets of haughty France,  
Whose ink was blood, whose pen a lance.

Take warning England, Century worn;  
The load you court can not be borne  
For God's requiting follows near;  
The Spectre seen by Sage and Seer.  
That Cowper's words are doubly true,  
Your tottering power proclaims anew.  
You laud your might, you laugh to scorn  
The troubled sky of early morn—  
The murky cloud that shades you o'er,  
Of Irish wrath and Martyrs gore.  
Give up the wrong, give in to right  
And yield to Heaven your olden plight  
The worms at your vitals now,  
Are eating canker like I trow,  
Self bred by wrong and inward sin,  
Put off the old, the new begin—  
New life that Nation yet or State  
Has ere attempted 'till to late.

Oh England, loud on thee I call:  
Whose wisdom yet doth States apall,  
Send forth your name to ages down  
That myriad hosts may bless your crown.  
Your greatest danger's from your own,  
Whose drink is gall, whose bread a stone.  
If in your house contentions reign  
Think not to guard a captive's chain  
When rampant riot rules your streets  
And wealth and rank seek safe retreats;  
When "powers that be" show wild alarm—  
Like reeds that totter in a storm,  
Stand mute aside and hold their breath,  
Know ye a Nation walks to death,  
'Tis time! 'Tis time a Seer proclaims  
To change the course, to lose the chains;  
Ere pent up wrath doth ruin employ  
And blazing London weeps for Troy.



## A CHRISTMAS SONG.

The same old story, the same old story,  
Oft told as the years go by;  
Of a shivering form and a garbless waif  
Out under a wintery sky.  
Out under the storm in the cold, cold street  
Exposed to the angry blast,  
Where the bells of the rich make music sweet  
As they glide in their cutters past;  
Where muffled and warm, the great high born  
In their richest robes come out,  
From the hearthstones charm, that from night till morn  
Puts sorrow and want to rout.  
The same old story, the same old story,  
The whole wide world around;  
Where the rich are richest, the poor are poorest  
And charity seldom is found  
But 'tis christmas eve and we all should leave  
Our sorrows and trials away;  
And be ready to greet with lightsome hearts  
The dawning of God's own day.  
"Peace upon earth to men of good will  
And glory to Him above."—  
Oh, 'twas never to be that cruel poverty  
Should cancel those words of love.  
Then go to that shivering waif without;  
Bring him to your fireside bright;  
For a cheering smile or a gentle word  
Makes poverty's burden light,  
O, the far off years—those future years,  
Hath many a crook and turn;  
And he, that's a shivering waif to-night  
May all of your love return.  
Yes, go to the sorrowing poor to-night,  
Go search thro' the dim lit street;  
And follow the path through the chilling snow,  
Those tracks of the half clad feet.  
Go, enter the cabin, the cheerless cot.  
Where wierd light from each smoldering coal,  
But too plainly speak of the poor and weak—  
This, this is dread poverty's goal.

Oh lighten the hearts of the poor to-night,  
 But comfort them for a day;  
 And the blessing of thousands will smoothe your path,  
 As the years speed fast away.  
 For Christmas comes that we all have cheer,  
 So surely for once our mite  
 Should go to the help of the needy poor  
 And make every fireside bright.

---

 THE NEW YEAR BELL.

Silvery chimes of the New Year Bell  
 Out on the air are ringing;  
 Loudly they peal;—what a merry peal?  
 And this is the song they are singing—  
 “Joyful and glad we should ever be,  
 Bury the past with its sorrow,  
 Stop not to grieve o’er a wasted hour!  
 Strive to do better to-morrow.”  
 Speed on the wings of the wintry winds  
 Chimes of your sweetest sounding;  
 Echo each peal to the leafless groves  
 The voice of your glad resounding;  
 Ring thro’ the spaa of the coming year  
 With seldom a sadened knell;  
 That we love your voice as we do to-day,  
 O, ye caroling New Year Bell.  
 Sweetest of harmony greets the ear  
 As ye ring in your joy together;  
 And we fancy we hear in trueful rythm  
 The meade of your praises ever.  
 Echoing, echoing, echoing on  
 With a rapture no tongue can tell,  
 Thro’ the city street and the hamlet fair  
 Sweet voice of the New Year Bell.

---

 BE A HELPER.

Be a helper, be a helper  
 As you journey on thro’ life;  
 Aid your brother in the struggle  
 Should he falter in the strife!

Clouds of sorrow hang above us,  
Fitful is each transient ray  
Happiness and pleasure deigneth—  
Night seems longer than the day.

Some by fortune kissed and fondled  
Others lashed by every storm;  
Each, to weave the living picture  
Grief and joy alternate form—  
Poverty within her hovel;  
Wealth with luxury enshrined;  
Sin and sexual passions raging;  
Saint and sinner, all combined.

Be a helper, be a helper!  
Stand upon the sunny side;  
Reach a hand to save the fallen  
Sweeping down the darksome tide;  
Press them gently to your bosom,  
Kiss remorseful tears away  
Beg them hope thro' hope seems madness  
Joy may o'er their pathway stray.

Be a helper, be a helper,  
Never push the faltering down;  
Brighten up the paths they follow,  
Do not greet them with a frown;  
And some day within the future  
Brighter beams will 'round you shine,  
Life will ever grow the sweeter  
As you tread the walks of time.

Aged footsteps have a meaning,  
Read life's story in the gait,  
Loitering, faltering; yet they journey,  
Slowly journey as they wait.  
See the light of heaven beaming  
On that countenance so mild,  
See the palsied form of eighty—  
Man again a simple child.

Be a healer, be a helper;  
Cheer life's path, from end to end;  
Never stop to stint a favor;  
Judging not whom you befriend!  
Good seeds scattered by the wayside  
Bears for fruit, an honored name;  
Tares cast by the hand of hatred  
Yields the blighted fruit of shame.

Be a helper, be a helper!  
Sunshine cometh for us all;  
Never seek the dark recesses  
Where Dame sorrow spreads her pall.  
Budding flowers are ever nodding  
'Round the earthly paths we tread;  
Loving Nature, for our comforts,  
Hath her board of bounty spread.

---

WHEN THE SHIP IS OUT AT SEA.

How oft we watch the water  
In the distance toss and foam;  
And fancy thro' the rigging  
We can hear the sea breeze moan;  
And we dream of happy sailors  
Who are ever gay and free,  
As they brave the rolling billows,  
When the ship is out at sea.

So to-day I dream of sailors  
Tossing on the sea of life;  
Where the waves incessant surging  
Moans a monody of strife;  
And a rifling sunbeam seldom  
Flits across the lowering sky,  
Further oceanward they're drifting  
And no friendly port is nigh.

I can see the sweet faced maiden,  
I can see the romping boy,  
Start upon life's weary voyage  
With a sportive, "ship ahoy!"  
While a trusting mother waves them  
Farewells as to you and me;  
But her heart is ever with them  
When their ship is out at sea.

There's a sail upon the billows,  
That I watch for night and day;  
And I dream I see it bringing

Him who wandered far away;  
 Bringing back my truant Willie,  
 Who was ever kind to me;  
 Many years I've watched his coming  
 But the ship is still at sea.

Chorus.

When the ship is out at sea,  
 When the ship is out at sea,  
 And a tempest sweeps the water,  
 There's a sadness comes to me.

---

SONG.

---

There's a great wide river 'way up yonder  
 Where the roses bloom,  
 'Way where my Chloey used to wander  
 Long in de days of June;  
 Sweet were the little birdies singing,  
 Softly the dew drops fell,  
 Love to my heart still is bringing  
 Memories of flower and dell.

Glad was the flow of yon peaceful river,  
 Sweetly the waters sojourned,  
 Silently singing a hymn sad and lonely—  
 Dreams that have often returned  
 Spirit-like now 'long that vanishing river  
 I fancy I stroll in my dream,  
 And Chloey is walking beside me as ever—  
 How sweet doth remembrance seem!

Glad were the sounds 'long you pearly river,  
 Carols of melody sweet,  
 Fond were the tales of our love told together,  
 We parted—and never to meet,  
 Memories oft haunt me of evening twilight,  
 Trysts of the sweet long ago;  
 When my heart was all sunshine and fervor,  
 Dreaming of Chlo, darling Chlo.

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river of life we gaze  
Where myriad sails are seen  
Like nodding plumes in a summer wind—  
Out thro' the shadow and sheen.

Over the river of life we gaze,  
Far over her placid breast;  
Youth hath the reins on this welkin day  
And the winds and the waters rest,

Over the river, aye, once again;  
Every sail is bent to the breeze;  
A picture of duty, a round of toil  
In life's great go-as-you-please.

Over the river of life alas,  
Yes after the storm is spent;  
We look to behold full many a wreck;  
And many a sail is rent.

Out on the river—for many yet  
Are sailing its waters wide,  
We gaze to behold the bending bow  
Still stemming the treacherous tide.

Out on the river, 'tis growing late,  
And night closes o'er the scene,  
'Tis the near approach of the shadow hour,  
We bid a good bye to the sheen.

Over the river we gaze to-day  
And think of the shadow and sheen;  
With only a moment of life at most,  
To all of our lessons glean.













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